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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Claude with the Bloom Worn Off—Mr. Coghlan Gargles Adoration, He Does Not Glorify It—The Haberdashery of Poetic Art and the Old Talisman of Love—Langtry's Technique and Pictorial Endowment—Archetypal Models, Sandalled and Serene, that Lived Before French Boots were Worn—The Aggressive Woman in the Drama—Her Irrepressible Resolution, Pluck and Gall.

Mr. Charles Coghlan is not a Claude Melnotte a thing of beauty, for I need not remind you that a thing of beauty is a boy forever.

He plays Claude with an undisguised contempt for it, and that will not do. Perhaps a man with clear, matured perceptions is very apt to.

John Gilb it would act it very much in the same way.

I was reminded of the Bishop of Rumi-Foo, who took dancing lessons before he attended the Pan-Anglican Synod.

"The attitude's considered quaint,"
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,
Replied: "I do not say it ain't,
But time, my Christian friend."

Charles is not a romantic actor. He is a little pragmatical in his best work and his best work is bounded by the epicure of Charles Surface. Claude belongs to the dear old yellow covered days of romanticism, when Art swung on the front gate and called on the silver moon to roll on (which, by the way, you will remember, she always did). He does what every ardent and "cusse!" youth wants to do; not what every sentient and rational youth ought to do. If we like him at all it is because he becomes a poltroon before he knows it, and plays the hero with a resounding rhetoric, never suspecting that he is a fraud before the law. And Po-leen, so madly loved—she never prizes him till she finds out what a magnificent liar he is.

All this is in the airy domain of theatrical romanticism, where, as Charles Lamb pointed out to us long ago, we have no business to bring our set rules and actual conditions.

But to preserve the golden atmosphere we must bring a romantic Claude. If he doesn't enwrap himself with the illusion of young blood, and pour the wine of passion into the tankard of his talk—it's no use.

Mr. Coghlan's Claude, when in the full paroxysm of the Great Canoodle, is a little perfumery. He strikes you very much as a man will who has been saying these things to a good many Po-leens and has worn the trick down fine. It hasn't got the bloom of the 'first and only.'

There is a mental reservation in it—a side cynicism, as if one-half of Mr. Coghlan were doing the Canoodle by the book, and the other half were saying: "Now you watch how alabaster lamps and the murmur of fountains in the midst of roses will break this lamb all up. I ought to be Young Lochinvar, but, really, between you and me, I'm only George Barnwell. This ought to be Petrarch's Laura. You needn't say anything, but it's Hulwer's Clara Matilda."

Lord love you, merry gentlemen! There's great prestige in the divine impulse of young passion, even when it is at the top bent of foolishness. I don't think we want a Regius professor to give us examples in leap-frog.

Charles Coghlan's account of the deep vale shut in by Alpine hills, is like Carlyle's account of the ballet. He doesn't believe in the deep vale at all. It isn't in his fervid fancy. It's all in his eye.

But, my boys, my boys! That vale exists in every young brain, just as much of a verity to young hopes as the Vale of Cashmere is to a boarding school miss, or the vale of tears is to an old maid.

Charles Coghlan either never understood or he has outgrown the understanding that Claude and Po-leen are the radiant realities of that condition of existence when we hope all things and dare all things, and never ought to be thrummed to the silver moon by a man who has got to the condition where he doubts all things.

Else shall we have the Regius professor trying to pump new ichor into old veins with the lacinating pleasing of an accordion.

Charles plays Claude very much as the *Schneider* would criticize it, or as Mr. Huxley would read it, or Gainsborough, if he were alive, would paint it. There are no high peaks in it. His description of the home by the lake is like Professor Cromwell's description of "The Isoleries." He ought to have a long pole to point out the several objects of interest,

for the elopement is topographical, not ideal, and there is a real estate formality to it, as if Po-leen might be a purchaser.

Seen in the tools of the Great Canoodle, Coghlan writhes less with internal flame than with external *friction*. He sobs by rule of syntax. The convolutions of his passion are in his throat, not in his thought. He gargles love; he ought to glorify it. It may be said of him, that when devoured by desire, he is strictly grammatical, and the tumult of his emotion is finely screened by the precision of his punctuation.

But all this imparts a rare paternal dignity to his Claude whenever he is in contact with the "So wildly loved"—a side-light of blessing-my-child consideration that makes you think Po-leen is a kitten, and Rhetoric the ball of worsted that will amuse her.

That, I think you will confess with me, is not the orthodox caper at all.

Claude in his wildest flight never scaled the foothills of Romeo's madness, and he never, so far as I have heard, found a Po-leen who wanted to cut him out in little stars and trim the universe with him.

Measured by a scholastic yardstick, The Lady of Lyons is the very haberdashery of poetic art. But it holds thousands spellbound through the years by the romantic frankness and the old talisman of love.

Mrs. Langtry plays the heroine with technical, not with instinctive, art. But just where her instinctive dramatic sense is deficient her pictorial endowment and her pictorial training come to her assistance.

She has neither self assertion of talent nor of temperament. And I am inclined to think that the personal charm so generally acknowledged, is the charm of an individuality that is not aggressive and coercive; that continually suggests the man's idea of womanliness—which

When on such occasions Pauline doubled up her fists, let down her chest notes, and knocked over all the furniture with her train as she rampaged round, there was some excuse for Mr. Melnotte's instant desire to return her to her father, "pure as yesternight," etc. The suggestion of a divorce was most natural and politic, merely as a matter of protection to the property.

Mary gave every one to understand that she was a superior person. She hurled the idea at Melnotte especially.

Langtry sails on the other tack. Her virtuous rage is swallowed up in a woman's disappointment. It isn't the loss of her palace by the lake that stuns her; it is the loss of her ideal. She doesn't want to tear anything. She wants to drop her head in misery and shut out the truth, and with a delicious subtlety of womanliness she manages through it all to let the lingering love for this man beam out of

mouth for the tragic effort her glory is gone. She cannot melt the ice of a purely empirical criticism with her noonday blaze; but she leaves a moonlight memory with the sound of serenades in it.

I am not one of those Benedick critics who declare that "till all graces come into one woman, one woman shall not come into my grace." I am quite modest in my demands. But I have not observed that anyone has even attempted to analyze Langtry's personal charm. Most of the efforts have stopped at personal beauty, upon which there will always be a raging dispute. But nobody has thought to look beneath at temperament, about which all will agree. It is often the charm of demeanor rather than the charm of face with her. Women who call her awkward would call Venus herself awkward because she did not walk by the dancing-master's gamut; or turn her toes by the compass of stage art.

You see there is, in my opinion, a charm about the non-aggressive woman. I am free to make this confession because I know that nine tenths of my sex agree with me.

Nowhere is the aggressive woman so conspicuous, so merciless and so tiresome as in the dramatic world. She starts out with the belief that to succeed it is only necessary to wear out the patience and take advantage of the magnanimity of all men, and distance with tireless effrontery all women.

I have seen her in literature and in the drama. Keen, resolute, ruthless, incorrigible, her little talent is a sharp wedge that splits all obstacles. She looks at you with cold desperation and says: "I've got the resolution and the pluck, and it's no use opposing me. You can't run away from me. I can't be suppressed. I must and will have my own way."

If you pick up the last number of the *Century* magazine you will find in it an article entitled "Europe on Nothing Certain a Year." It is the account of an American woman's successful trip abroad without money. It is in the form of a narrative, in which the writer is proud of her achievement. But she is blissfully regardless of how continuously she made other people contribute to her scheme, or of what a terrible infliction she must have been to the rest of the race who were not so determined to fight their way over all conventional barriers.

Such a woman as this, when she sets out to become an actress, is pretty sure to become something, simply because mankind gets worn out in trying to stop her. It is easier for managers to employ her than to answer her letters and interview all the friends she suborns. It is more comfortable to treat her with lying kindness in the newspapers than to have her sitting in the editorial rooms all day. It is more politic to tell her that she is all that she claims to be than to argue with her for hours to no purpose to convince her that she is a nuisance.

I have seen her in the manager's office. After all attempts to get rid of her by saying he was out had failed, and he came meekly in, she has said: "Here I am. You see I've got to have something to do. It's no use putting me off with excuses. I'm not that kind. When I make up my mind to do a thing it's got to be done. I tell you, I'm not one of your weak, irresolute affairs. No, sir; I mean business, and time's going on. I feel that I've got to take a stand."

I saw the other day at the Grand Central Depot a middle-aged girl with a sharp nose and a long neck. She had two bird cages, a satchel and a stuffed tomato in her arms. She was waiting to get through the door to the train, and she kept all the other passengers in the background. Business men, tired working-girls, returning housewives, all anxious to get to the cars, deferentially kept in the distance, and this old girl with her bird cages swept an open space of ten feet in diameter, and, looking back at the crowd, complained audibly of the want of chivalry and consideration now a-days in people.

I have seen her get on a bob-tail car when it was jammed, and fight her way with a blue cotton umbrella to the money box to deposit her five cents, and then make a dash for the change. If anyone murmured a protest at her want of consideration, she would utter a pious complaint at the brutality of the hated creatures.

I have seen her after a debut declare that the entire press was bought up to denounce her; that the manager had schemed to ruin her, and that the chorus had been packed with her enemies, because public opinion did not square with her shows.

No, I don't care for the aggressive woman.



LOUISE THORNDYKE.

The Lady of Lyons is one of the few cherished myths of the stage left to us. It belongs to the day dreams of puberty, as "The Invisible Prince" and "The Sleeping Beauty" belong to the day dreams of infancy.

It is the mildly, widely worshipped thing, and that thing cannot be done by any labor-saving process of machinery or elocution.

Every young man of full function has been in the throes of Claude. He has groaned and wallowed and performed in quick succession the acts of a poltroon and a hero. It was good for him. The Spring winds of passion left him ready for the Summer's work. Alas for him who has no verve equinox till late in life, and wakes up at forty or fifty and the serene and yellow to take the "winds of March with beauty."

I have heard Philosophy decry The Lady of Lyons for its hyperbole—as if the language of anxious love were not always hyperbole.

is very apt, I must confess, to be only another name for submissiveness.

But these negative qualities impart to her performance of such a role as that of Pauline meek meekness that, like the play itself, remind us of departed virtues.

Pauline when greatly done has usually been made an exposition of tumultuous and scornful pride, tempered with a most obsequious sycophancy. It is not at this point that Langtry is severely weak, and new. There is not the faintest hint of the termagant when the palace by the Lake of Como turns out to be a room and bedroom without modern conveniences. Mary Anderson used to rise up like the proverbial Mr. Riley at this point, and the decks were cleared for action. With something of the dappled of the late Mr. Forrest and something of the acidity of the late and early Devereaux Blake, she gave Mr. Melnotte strong indications of misère in the air.

her eyes in spite of her wrong, her disappointment and her chagrin.

This is not instinctive art so much as inability to do it any other way, and because we like her way of doing is not to be taken as praise of her dramatic conception. If she were to do it any other way she would fail. Her art appears in the pictorial adjustment of herself to the requirements of the play and her avoidance of the set formulas of acting. She does not walk, sit, stand or fall by the patent-right of tradition. Her manner demeanor is the effect of studio coaching, not of the stage manager's examples, and we are constantly reminded in her presence and motion of archetypal models, large, free, unstrained and unrigid, that lived before French boots were worn—and that have come down to us sandalled and serene from the frozen and the pedestals of a lost art.

Such a woman may be seductive, she can not be coercive. The moment she sets her

To return to the Langtry, let me advise you to see her in that white dress of The Directory. Never, I assure you, outside of one of Bouffon's pictures was the waist so short, the girdle so round, the flowing drapery so obedient to every curve and lissome motion of the limbs beneath.

But when it comes in the last act to the "Sun twice told," and the outbidding of you would buckster for his prize, Mr. Coghlan will remind you of an Englishman at the day of judgment who will be mainly interested in getting his luggage, his hat box and his bath tub packed for the grand assize, unperturbed by Gabriel's fanfare.

If any one were to ask me to decide between Coghlan's Claude and Mrs. Bowers' Camille, as a performance of rare discomfort, I hardly know which I would select.

NYM CRINKLE

At the Theatres.

STAR THEATRE—MR. BARRETT'S MATINEE.

William Honors, Henry H. Honors, George Barrett, Charlie Tucker, Nelly Helmore, Alice Helmore, A. H. Bernage, Alice Helmore.

Rev. Richard Capel, Wilson Barrett, Dick Capel, H. Cooper Cliffe, Perry, George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Miss Eastlake.

Thomas Chatterton, Wilson Barrett, Nat Boden, George Barrett, Lady Mary, Miss Eastlake, Cecelia, Lily Helmore, Mrs. Angel, Alice Cooke.

The matinee at the Star Theatre last Saturday stimulated lagging public interest in Mr. Barrett's engagement. He and his company came down out of the artificial atmosphere of Claudian "for this occasion," as the playbills are wont to condescendingly put it, and presented to a large audience, mostly composed of ladies, three *morceaux* that were three strong touches of nature. While Mr. Barrett's part in this miscellaneous programme was less pretentious than his first essay for American favor in Messrs. Willis and Herman's piece, it may be truly said that his efforts were far more worthy of approbation, and we are led to the conclusion that when his vaulting ambition doth not o'erleap itself, Mr. Barrett may in a modest line of endeavor prove to be a very acceptable actor.

The performance began with a pretty little piece by Brandon Thomas—the clever young man who was here last season with Miss Vokes—called *The Color Sergeant*, in which Mr. Clydes, an efficient actor, was given an opportunity to display his power and pathos with a character part. William Honors, a proud, hard headed old shop-keeper, who won his sergeant's badge by brave service, has been caused a peck of trouble by his wild son Henry, who ran away from home some years before, leaving the suspicion that he had assaulted and robbed his father. Henry has secretly wed the old man's ward Nelly. He comes back to her from the wars with a badge on his arm and a cross on his breast, and determined to clear his name of dishonor and win back his stern father's esteem. They are brought face to face. First, old Honors is speechless with rage, then he fumes, and finally sulks. But when Henry strips off his army coat and matches the old man's Color Sergeant's badge with another of the same sort won by gallant conduct on the field of battle, the parent's heart is softened. He would not respond to the filial appeal for forgiveness, but the sight of that bit of bullion on the young fellow's sleeve broke down the barriers and opened the floodgate of his tears. Mr. Clydes gave a careful and effective performance of old Honors, neither wanting altogether in force and tenderness, nor polish and breadth, and yet falling just a little short of being a very clever piece of acting. He was called before the curtain. Mr. Fulton was a manly and soldierly Henry, while George Barrett—who later gave quite remarkable evidence of his versatility—was bluff and breezy as the jolly old sea-dog, Bob Atkins. A word of praise must also be written of Mr. Bernage's acting in the small part of the photographer, Charlie Tucker. The personation actually smelt of silver prints and dry plates. Miss Helmore, a daughter of the late George Helmore, a player once popular here, acted Nelly prettily and intelligently.

The second piece on the bill, *A Clerical Error*, is a charming little comedy, with an undercurrent of serious feeling, by Henry Arthur Jones. The dialogue is simply, but brightly and naturally, written, and the episodic material out of which the story is constructed is interesting, if not moral. In the leading part Mr. Barrett appears as a middle aged vicar—a clergyman that is fond of good port and a good story, that has a profound respect for the staple of the clergy, and a heart that is not without its own secret. Rev. Richard Capel is a very clever and amusing character. His feelings toward the vicar, and those which an elderly gentleman might entertain, so when he finds a girl who has been on which she has written a paper on the presumptuous nature of Mr. Barrett's "Capel," he forgets all about his own nephew Dick, and flattered by the vicar's poses to Minnie. This is the clerical error. Minnie, of course, is a young girl who, when she wrote the name of how it is, is a handsome boy whom she is fond of. But she respects and reveres her grandfather. On Monday Mrs. Bowers was seen in *Elizabeth*, which she broke his heart by telling the truth, she is both at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mary mournfully consents to become the wife of the

ter Dick turns up for luncheon, and while he and Minnie are sweethearting in the garden, Perry—a sour, stumpy, wine-bibbing old domestic—tells the parson that the two are in love. Then the reverend gentleman sees his mistake, concludes he has made a fool of himself, and determines to set matters straight by making a great sacrifice. As the trio are sitting down to lunch, the vicar tells Dick of the capital joke he has played on Minnie. With laughter that ill conceals his sobs he relates how he had in jest proposed to the girl and been accepted, and how now he meant to give his consent to the youngsters' marriage. He joins their hands together and drinks the health of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Capel as the curtain descends. Mr. Barrett looked the picture of the genial, lovable type of clergymen to which Capel belongs, and there was light and shade in the characterization. But it lacked genuineness and heart, and drew forth no sympathetic tears from the impressionable brood of matineers present. His comedy had no appearance of spontaneity; his pathetic lines were uttered with a metallic ring. All the machinery of expression was in motion, but acute sensibility was absent. George Barrett's Perry was a capital bit. The acidity, petulance and slyness of the butler were excellently delineated. Miss Eastlake made Minnie colorless and uninteresting, while Mr. Cooper Cliffe handled his short part satisfactorily.

The afternoon ended with Chatterton, also by Mr. Jones. This proved to be an admirable little work, of finer texture and loftier purport than one-act pieces ordinarily are. In the brief space of an hour it runs almost the entire gamut of human passions and excites intense interest. It depicts in highly dramatic fashion the last day in the life of Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet that, as Wordsworth puts it, "perished in his pride." Mr. Jones has not conformed to the historical estimate of Chatterton's character in his little study. He has subdued the intolerable conceit and the cunning of the misdirected genius, and thrown a halo of romance and heroism about the closing hours of his foolish, misspent life. For dramatic purposes this is admissible, although we know that Chatterton's precocious poetic powers, full of brilliant promise though they were, were put to base and fantastical uses. Mr. Jones makes the grotesque youth a hero, sustained by the nobility of a proud and resolute nature, yet given to wild flights of fancy, frenzies of impotent ambition and the pathos of a mind embittered and shattered by adverse fortune. The language is not always marked with the flavor of the Eighteenth century, and herein it is inartistic; but the character is drawn with bold, broad strokes and many of the speeches are suffused with fervid feeling and rich imaginative quality. The sympathy of the spectator is made to go out for the boy who cheated Walpole and then lampooned him, and who was guilty of any number of remarkably clever but reprehensible literary impositions.

Chatterton is starving in his garret. He refuses food offered by his kind hearted landlady. He is waiting in the hope that his efforts to secure employment will succeed. Lady Mary, daughter of a member of the Ministry, to whom the poet has addressed some sonnets, has visited his humble lodging during his absence and left money and an offer of a Government position in a note on his table. His toper artist friend, Nat Boden—whose happy-go-lucky motto is "Don't know—don't care"—tries to lure him into the forgetfulness of the pot house, but the fine mind of the boy revolts against seeking oblivion at the price of his self-respect. Left alone, he indulges in frenzied rhapsodies, launches anathemas at the cruel world in the bustling city beneath his eyrie, and finally, unable to endure the pangs of starvation, drinks poison. Then he madly destroys the MSS. of his poems that the children of his fancy may die with him. He discovers Lady Mary's letter, the realization of his fondest dreams. But it comes too late. The agonies of death assail the lad and he falls upon his pallet after a vision of love and peace. The curtain rises on the final scene for a moment, and we see the garret gilded with the dawn of a new day. The light of the early morning sun shines down on the great dome of St. Paul's, and its brightest rays pierce the attic window and warmly caress the lifeless, upturned face of the boy poet.

Mr. Barrett's acting was always intelligent—sometimes sincere and natural. He looked the part to the life, forming a pathetic, interesting picture of youthful suffering. His apostrophe to Poetry was finely uttered and his death scene—albeit somewhat painful in the matter of its details—was productive of real dramatic effect. George Barrett's Nat Boden was an artistic portrayal of besotted good nature and philosophic indifference. Miss Eastlake and Miss Helmore and Cooke acted their little roles sufficiently well.

The afternoon was altogether an enjoyable one, and a repetition of these three plays on Saturday afternoon will enable many playgoers to see the Principal players and his associates under the most favorable conditions. Claudian is attractive and interesting. The engagement ends on Monday night. On Monday Mr. Booth began his engagement at this theatre, when she wrote the name of how it is, is a handsome boy whom she is fond of. But she respects and reveres her grandfather. On Monday Mrs. Bowers was seen in *Elizabeth*, which she broke his heart by telling the truth, she is both at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Mary mournfully consents to become the wife of the

ley's Secret Wednesday. These plays will be repeated the balance of the week, except Saturday night, when *Macbeth* will be acted again. Mr. Curtis is to produce *Caught in a Corner* here next week.

THE CASINO—KENILWORTH

Dudley Earl of Leicester, Violet Cameron, Sir Walter Raleigh, Constance Lombay, The Earl of Sussex, John Contee, Tressilian, Clyde Howard, Amy Robsart, Edith Brandon, Queen Elizabeth, John Bateman, Tony Foster, Sidney Brough, Sir Richard Varney, Laurel Brough.

Reece's burlesque, Kenilworth, introduced Miss Cameron and her associates in a new, but not an agreeable, guise at the Casino Monday night. There were gaping rows of seats in the parquet and balcony and the boxes were mostly unoccupied. The character of the audience formed a curious study. The so-called gilded youth predominated, but the feminine element was small, and not impressively representative of metropolitan breeding. There was more folly than fashion, and less interest than curiosity. There was but one line in the piece that caused an idiotic laugh—that was when Mr. Brough asserted that "four times hate makes thirty two." The puns were atrocious, and the jokes were such as to make a brass monkey shriek with affright. The spectators listened attentively and waited patiently for some faint glimmer of fun, but it came not.

Kenilworth is a very silly and stupid travesty of a serious subject. Americans are often accused of gross irreverence and disrespect for traditions and memories, but we do not believe there lives on this broad continent of ours a man with the bad taste, much less the hardihood, to deal with honored personages of our history as one of England's queens and her court are dealt with in the wretched drivel called Kenilworth. The piece is as much duller than *The Commodore* as that work is duller than the light musical plays to which we are accustomed. Beside Kenilworth such productions as the *Rag Baby* and *Bunch of Keys* rise to heights of immeasurable grandeur. They are brilliant gems of art, they are classic, by comparison. We can easily believe that Reece's rubbish had a run of one hundred nights in London, for the record does not lie. But we find it harder to believe that the sensible British public bestowed its patronage upon such a mass of ribald rot.

The music is as old as the jokes. The choicest "chestnuts" in the repertoire of Suppe, Tosti, Offenbach, Strauss, Audran and Millocker have been resurrected for the edification of innocent ears. The spectators listening to the time-worn strains might be pardoned for hugging the delusion that by some miraculous manifestation they had suddenly been transferred back to their days of childhood. It was as if the answer at last had come to the grey-bearded prayer, "Backward, Turn Backward, O Time, in Your Flight," vouchsafed for the purpose of reconciling people with the tangible and comfortable Present, and incidentally justifying the existence of Gill, Rice, et al.

But not only are we satisfied that we may blindly entrust the preparation of our burlesque fare to our native writers, we likewise have awakened to the knowledge that so far as the representation goes, we can do these things far better ourselves. The Adonis and Jack Sheppard people are cleverer, the women prettier, the dresses more effective, and the stage management incomparably superior to the Cameron exhibition. The star looked quite comely in the character of Dudley, but she is cold and unmagnetic. Her dancing is not graceful, and her singing is little better than that we are used to hearing on the variety and music hall stage. Miss Cameron is merely an acceptable actress, not by half so clever as Lydia Thompson, Alice Atherton, Lina Meriville, Lilly Grubb, Fay Templeton, or many others we might cite.

Lionel Brough is not more congenially placed as Varney than he was as the Commodore. Mr. Brough has the reputation of being a good legitimate comedian. We should like to see him in Tony Lumpkin or some other role that would efface the unpleasant impression he has made in these wherry burlesques. His brother Sydney was grotesque as Tony Foster, but his dreary topical song and the funeral tripping of his long-fingered gloves went for naught. John Barnum's Elizabeth was vulgar. The chorus were in undress uniform, but the study of their charms scarcely compensated for their collective awkwardness. The scenery was quite pretty. The drops by Sydney Chisley were well executed and Henry Hoyt contributed some effective pictures. Kenilworth will remain on the boards a couple of weeks.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—AS YOU LIKE IT

Tom Cooper, Albert Lamb, Charles Anderson, Robert S. Label, Hamilton Bell, William Barnard, Robert Barnard, Margaret Barrymore, James L. Carroll, George Keeney, William J. O'Connell, Ian Robertson, Modjeska, Grace Henderson, Laura Johnson, Clara Johnson.

The Union Square Theatre was comfortably filled on Monday evening. The event was the opening of Miss Modjeska's season, and the evening to the star was enthusiastic. As the elegantly costumed Rosalind and Celia were discovered upon the steps in the garden of the palace there was prolonged applause, and the fair Polander bowed her acknowledgments again and again. During the evening there must have been twenty flower-pieces of as many designs passed over the footlights to her. Not a little time was consumed by Madame and her leading man in carrying them behind the curtain. The star and her principals had many recalls, and altogether the opening was auspicious to a degree.

An admirable performance of *As You Like It* was given. The public is familiar with the picture presented by Modjeska in her male garb in the Forest of Arden. There is the same musical cadence in her voice, the same charming foreign accent, and the same mispronunciations that often trip the listener. But the well-rounded performance was there, and the applause was lavish. Maurice Barrymore was often applauded in the delivery of Orlando's lines. His wrestling bout with Charles was very realistic. This actor is an amateur athlete of some renown, and his lithe, supple figure presented a pretty contrast to the sturdy form of his opponent. Grace Henderson gave a clever performance of Celia. She has a sweet, rich voice, and read her lines very well.

She has an archness of manner that is very pleasing, but looks better attired in *train* than in the garb of a woodland nymph. Charles Vandenhoff was an excellent Jaques, although he can recite "The Seven Ages" better than he did on Monday night. Touchstone was amusingly played by William F. Owen. James Cooper was excellent as the Banished Duke, and Albert Lang satisfactory as Frederick. William Haworth was a very good Oliver, displaying a fine voice and an earnest delivery. James L. Carhart was sorrowfully dignified as Adam. Ian Robertson was a most lugubrious Sylvius. Clara Ellison played Audrey, the rustic maid, deliciously. Laura Johnson made but a fair Phoebe. As a temporary Amiens, Walter Hampshire sang "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" in a rich, robust tenor, and well deserved his encore.

The scenery was all new. The garden of the palace was a fine picture. The Forest of Arden was none too roomy as set on the Union Square stage.

May Blossom was presented at the Windsor on Monday evening with interesting features in the cast calculated to draw a good audience. The play is one of that charming character which hovers between drama on the one hand and comedy on the other, and therefore by a near approach to the light and shadow of real life, with its constant transitions from the painful to the happy, and its daily mixture of the grave and gay, touches at all points the human sympathies of an audience without demanding the intellectual strain required for the critical understanding of historical or ideal plays of the higher order. The situations are pretty, and with their corresponding sentiments are such as might happen more or less to anybody.

Mary Hamilton challenged the criticism of a New York audience in this piece for the first time, with the advantage of having played in it for some time upon the road. That Miss Hamilton has considerable intelligence and an appearance which gives a bias in her favor is certain, and also that she has had a good deal of training in stage business. That in some of the more pathetic passages, especially those of hysterical grief, she rose above mediocrity, must also be conceded; but beyond that her failure to feel the part was conspicuous. In the scene where she brings in the presents for her father, husband and baby, she seemed to have no idea of the feelings which would animate a daughter, wife and mother on so joyful an occasion, but sauntered languidly through the part with that *blase* air of indifference sometimes wrongly supposed to be an evidence of good breeding among persons moving in high social circles, but which was singularly at variance with the emotions that a little real knowledge of human nature outside a drawing-room would have occurred to the actress as proper to the portrayal of the fisherman's wife. Miss Hamilton, for anything like a more than ordinary career as an actress, labors under the physical drawback of a face exceedingly pleasing if only considered as the face of an amiable lady, but which, from its set form and non-development of the facial muscles, is to a considerable extent incapable of the dramatic play of feature so essential in the actor's art. Her eyes, which are large, lustrous and expressive, are out of balance with the rest of the face, and when constantly rolled about, as the only method of giving dramatic color, become somewhat obtuse, especially in the passages of passionate grief, when the suggestive similarity to true hysteria was painful. There is in Miss Hamilton an evident capacity for stage business in its limited and technical sense, and with deep study and an enlarged experience of the world she may attain some distinction, especially if she will endeavor to forget the presence of the audience.

The audience who are accustomed to see Benjamin Maginley as Tom Blossom had a gratifying change of the familiar cast in the assumption by him of the part of Uncle Bartlett, the village preacher, which he has made as distinct a creation as he did his former role. His declamation of the Methodist manner was perfect, his rendition of the religious passages was paternal, pastorlike and unostentatious. The exhortation to May Blossom to forgive her husband, in the last act, rose to pathos in its paternal tenderness and reverent feeling, while in forcible con-

trast to it, his jealousy of Owen Hathaway and his nervous embarrassment in proposing marriage to Aunt Deborah and his egotistical pride in his successful rivalry were most amusingly finished efforts of the comedian's branch of the art. Maginley's mantle as Tom Blossom has fallen on a very worthy shoulders in Otis Turner. George Hill's impersonation of Owen Hathaway was equally good. Aunt Deborah, the typical marriageable old maid, was admirably filled by Beatrice Moreland, who kept the audience in roars whenever she had the stage. Tillie, the black servant, was capably done by Etta Frank. Frederick Stoddard took the part of Richard Ashcroft and Joseph Adelman that of Steve Harland, but both gentlemen managed to spoil otherwise fair renditions by noisy declamation, in the ultra melodramatic method, in the scene of Richard's return from captivity. The rest of the company were fairly good, and little Maud Thompson, who represented the six year-old May, displayed considerable dramatic feeling.

A large audience assembled in Niblo's on Monday night to witness Thatcher, Primrose and West's entertainment. To our thinking this style of minstrelsy—the mammoth and mastodontic and spectacular decoy—has begun to pall upon the palate. It is quality more than quantity that is desired in this line nowadays. The refined and clever performance given at Dockstader's, with its admirable vocal features, and its varied vaudeville, is far preferable to the conventional multiplication of end men, the played out array of stolid clog-dancers and the other trite trivialities that for a time threatened to connect minstrelsy with a mixture of menagerie and circus. Of its kind the troupe now at Niblo's is good, but we do not like the kind. The show ends with a travesty on Theodora, which is neither more or less stupid than such clumsy travesties usually are.

At the People's Monday evening John A. Stevens was seen in *A Great Wrong Righted*. The house was fair in size. The piece has been described in these columns. Suffice it to say that on this occasion the star played Kenneth Rawdon with his accustomed force and was called before the curtain after every act. The support was generally efficient, and particularly so in the case of Adeline Stanhope as Eliza and Emily Lytton as Milly. The scenery was effective and the escape of the convict in a small boat was particularly effective. Next week Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson will play the *Two Orphans*.

Genevieve Ward and her admirable company presented *Forget-Me Not* at the Grand Opera House on Monday night before a large house. The audience closely followed the thrilling story of the play, and the applause was liberal. Miss Ward's performance of Stephanie has been but recently reviewed in these columns, as has also W. H. Vernon's finely shaded impersonation of Sir Horace Welby. The stars responded to several calls. Eleanor Tyndale remains the sweetly interesting Alice Vernay, while that true artist, Gertrude Kellogg, still moves the risibles of the audience by her snappy performance of Mrs. Foley. A Mr. Bland has replaced J. W. Summers as the Count Mallecotti, and makes up and acts the part very neatly. The Queen's Favorite will be presented but once during the engagement—on Friday evening, when Miss Ward will take a benefit. Next week, Gus Williams.

Tony Pastor opened the regular season at his little bandbox theatre on Fourteenth Street on Monday evening. The house was well filled. Mr. Pastor is surrounded by a clever party of fun makers and other entertainers. The chief sang some catchy songs. Hilda Thomas is one of the best balladists on the vaudeville stage, and in her songs was given a fine reception. The house is equipped with a "human serpent" in the person of Antonio von Gofre, who twists about most marvellously. Ardell, the clown, is a good pantomimist and tumbler. Siebb and Trepp are great fun-makers, and are a strong novelty. Isabel Ward moved her audience to applause by her playing upon sleigh bells. Altogether it is a very strong vaudeville company. Tony Pastor's return generally heralds the coming of the snow birds, and, moreover, thoroughly marks the fact that the amusement season is upon us in full tide.

Neil Burgess kept a good sized audience in an almost uninterrupted roar of laughter on Monday evening by his humorous acting as Trepheba Puffy in *Vim*. Mr. Burgess played the quaint, dry part with his accustomedunction and convulsed his auditors. The circus scene is one of the funniest things on the stage, and this and the drive home of Mrs. Puffy in the revolving stage were prolific of applause. Of the company Thomas Palmer and Percy Puckett were most efficient. Danie Handmann fills an engagement at this theatre next week.

Little Jack Sheppard and his clown friends have burglarized the public eye, and they do not mean to give it up. The show is attended by good audiences and Mr. Handmann's "cooler," his songs and his vaudeville acting continue to excite amusement. Mr. Vardley, one of the authors of the piece, brought himself into closer relationship with

Permanent Address: 22 W. 23rd Street, New York

business, under the auspices of Muller, and Wheel Club.
Atkinson's Aphrodite, and to the business. Black
Crunk, 18th.

...and a great deal of time and money.

[illegible]House (J. K. Bayles,
1999-1999 and 1999-1999)

audience, receipts for the two performances will total something over \$5000. J. J. Magee's play came and led to eight houses. Starr's play opened a week's engagement at the Lyceum, appearing first in Keddly and then in the new house. The opera is an almost exact copy of the, or the still better known Robert Macaire drama, and, like the latter, although it is not so good, has the same faults, and is not so good as that shape as suits time and locality of this city.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON.

ever-charming Rosina Vokes and her very talented, did well at Alhambra. The houses, in fact, larger and larger toward the end of the week, and, as the week advanced, the play was well received longer. The Schoolmistress, Double Leased, Cousin Dick were the new pieces presented, and very amusing indeed. The Fantomine Rehearsal, Miss M's Billings, and the new piece were some of their fun, those who had seen them before, just as heartily as those who saw them for the first time. Conrady Thorpe gave a very clever performance of Jack Merriwell in the Village. He was very amusing, indeed, as a very young budgee man, the schoolmistress. Weardon Grossmith as quietly as ever. I like him better the more I see of him. He is remarkably well, and is very clever in every

pleasing, Miss Millet

the boast of a the of the good looks possessed by one. This week, Helen Lauvray in *One of Our*; next, Janauschek in *Three*; then, *Divorçons* half of week, and *Mam'zelle*—which "caught on" as ever—remainder of week. A good many were that she had dropped *La Paloma*, but enjoyed her songs very much. This week, *Effie Ellsler* in *An Against Woman*; next, Louis James and Marie Wright in *Win*. Mary, supported by Ludski Young and a co. drew fine houses at the Bijou. This week, the

and The Mikado. Ste

John McAlester's co. packed Hetz's last week taken from life and was received with enthusiasm. This week Fisher and Hassan's Cold Day co. Burgess next.

ms: The Leanzo Brothers will be at Barton and in Sime Munz this week, and the International Specialty Co. at Keran's.—Col. and Mrs. William Morse gave a supper Thursday night after the play for friends invited to meet Courtenay Thorpe and her Da'zil, and everybody enjoyed themselves so that they did not go home till morning, or very it.—Emery Couter, manager of the Thomsville

first saw Rosina Vok
in the month. She

the Vokes family and looked a mere slip of a girl, looks very little older now — Helen Dauxray and Elsie have some very handsome lithographs in windows as do also several members of the Wilbur. Annie was one of the attractions at the Elks' benefit Spring and the members of that body reminded her kindness by sending her a magnificent floral wreath, Monday evening.

nic Theatre (Sanford J. ...)

do to Bridget, the justice to say that it was opera of Bridget. Trap more than the voices which drew dissatisfaction on Friday evening, 22d, as they agreed to much better advantage on Saturday in *Theado* and *Chimes of Normandy*. Florence Bindley Heroine in *Rags* to a small and disappointed audience, 18th. Strangers of Paris, 21st; small house. play is an interesting one, and the characters are sustained, but it looks as if nothing will bring our people out since the earthquake; and, by the way, we two yesterday (22d).

Circus: Doris' Circus was here on 20th, and gave two

Manager Cohen gives notice
Perquet, \$11.00

25 cents in advance. The quartet, viz: Mr. J. S. Noble, co-
soprano in "J. Duke Murray, of Milton Noble, co-
volved in his expression of good wishes for THE
TRON and its entire staff. He desired to be kind
remembered—Glad to see the Gusher on deck again.
He sadly last week.

SAVANNAH.
Savannah Theatre (T. F. Johnson, manager): Strange-
of Paris, 18th and 19th, to fair business. Consider-
the opposition this co. had on 18th (Doris' Circus).
house was fairly good. Mr. and Mrs George S.
light, in Over the Garden Wall, 20th and 21st and

any attraction this season.

stranded here, gave two benefit performances, matinee and night, 23d, under the auspices of the Fordham Association. Fair business; enough to enable him to leave the city. The manager, P. S. Mattoz, of the co. here, and was supposed to have gone in advance. Instead of this, he levanted. Cyril Searle had been induced to join the co. Manager Johnson ordered the use of the theatre and his entire staff their salaries for the benefit.

er, she having played

MACON.
Academy of Music (H. Horn, manager): Strangers of its, 20th, to fair house. The play was well received.
Athena: Doris' Circus, 22d, to well filled tents. Excellent artists, but general equipment poor.

ROME.
Savins Opera House (J. G. Yeiser, manager): Patti as such played Zip to a large audience. Her support a good, and the performance was indeed very satisfactory.

ILLINOIS

FREEPORT.
Opera House (M. H. Wilcox, manager). Shubert's
concert co. to give business 24th. Lester and Allen's
sisters 25th.
Germana Hall. Dahlhorn co. to give business week
to the Stevens' Dramatic co. Nov. 2 week.
Avenue. Burr Robbins' Circus and a lot business
to.

ROCKFORD.
Opera House (C. C. Jones, manager). The Al-
bert-Morrisson co. presented Faust and
Marguerite
business

small but appreciable

[illegible]

ing should not be over-

SIREATOR.
Punch Opera House (J. E. Williams, manager).
Musical's Ministry 19.0. A very good performance
and the large audience with the excellence of the
entertainment.

MOLINE.
Wagner Opera House (A. Herget, manager). Light
London 18th; good attendance. Fine performance.

INDIAN

Opera House (C. M. Emerick, manager). G.
Williams in Oh, What a Night! played to a very

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, Editor.

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Anderson, W. C.	Lynn, I. F.
Anderson, Mary	McIntyre and Heath.
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Abbott, Marion, and Pkg.	Merry, Robin
Allen, J. A.	Mortimer, Blanche
Brigham, Willard	Marcellus, Kitty
Burton, J.	Maynard, Agnes
Bergman, Henry	Mass, Jas. (2)
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Blumenthal, G. A.	Owen, E. A.
Beach, C.	Powell, Eugene
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Bailey, C.	Parker, W. J.
Bloomfield, A. E.	Quishman, Fannie
Clusset, Jules	Kel, Bertha
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Harrison, Alice	Ulmer, Geo. T. (2)
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Jackson, Bella	Woodward, Mrs.
Julian, F. (2)	Woodward, Nat C.
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Kellogg, Florence	X. Y. (2)
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*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Why or Wherefore?

What is the mysterious something that brings success in art? Could that question be answered satisfactorily what hecatombs of failures would be spared us? We see every day people and plays, books, songs and pictures "catch on"—as it is called in professional slang—that are full of faults, that criticism can lay open to the most scathing censure as to the construction and carrying out of the work, or the personality and method of the worker. While, on the other hand, we find people and plays, books, songs and pictures that are irreproachable in form and faultless in intention and execution, fall flat on the instant of production, or, at least, drag out a lingering existence on toleration merely.

What the French aptly call a *succes d'estime* is but a euphuism for no success at all, a verdict of "not proven," which leaves the smirch indelible. Violent abuse is less hurtful in art matters than mild praise, and the scalpel of scathing satire makes a less gangrenous wound than the blunt knife of good-natured toleration. But why the one is praised or the other blamed we know not. Why a play or a player that the critics unanimously endorse should be coldly ignored by the public, and those that the knowing ones turn their back on should be clasped to that public's bosom and cherished there, is one of those things that, as Dunderberg used to say, "no fellow can find out." It cannot be plot, for some of the most thrilling and concatenated plots have failed to interest, while mere threads of story have enthralled. It cannot be diction, for the purest streams from the well of English undefiled have flowed unheeded from the lips of the greatest masters of speech, in vain. It cannot be action, for the most stirring plays, full of the most continual "business," have set the audience asleep.

Then what is it?—magnetism? That is a mere name as void of real meaning as most words are. Magnetism is the faculty or power of drawing. But what is it that draws? In our speech—aye, and in our thought, too—we are constantly taking the effect for the cause and we explain things by assertion, not by proof. Genius? That is another name without sense. Granted that genius is attractive, but why does it attract? I must say, or do something overt and palpable or it must leave something indelible behind, in order to either draw or repel.

One of our greatest, nay, perhaps, our very greatest, actresses, commits faults of speech innumerable, yet draws crowds

wherever she deigns to appear. Another is a model of pure diction, yet the public turn coldly from her. Some of our most attractive plays are all wrong critically looked at, but they are all right from a managerial point of view. As You Like It is the most delightful poetic play in the world of the drama, but how seldom do we see a really good house witnessing it? Camille is a mass of crudity and concupiscence. Yet who ever saw a bad house when that immoral consumptive treats her audience to champagne and cod-liver oil? We will pardon naughtiness, faulty English, overdrawn character, affected speech, false sentiment and crude construction, but we will never forgive dullness. That is the unpardonable sin. Who wears his audiences fails. Who keeps his audience alive succeeds. At least that is our solution of the problem.

Fair Judgment.

Miss Cameron and her manager, we understand, attributed the unfavorable reception of The Commodore by press and public to the unsavory matter with which the daily papers disgracefully filled their columns previous to the beginning of the engagement. It may be that, among the more respectable class of play-goers, the prominence given this scandal caused them to look with disfavor on the artistic efforts of Miss Cameron and her associates and deterred many from visiting the Casino at all. Indeed, it has been noticeable that since the company opened the falling off in female attendance at the Casino has been marked.

But, although the production of Kenilworth on Monday night was not in any sense more successful than The Commodore, the English actress and her manager cannot find a convenient excuse for this failure on account of general prejudice or disapproval of the merely personal character of the star.

The public, of course, is at liberty to bestow its patronage when, where and how it pleases. And no doubt the personality of an artist will occasionally have something to do with it. But so far as the newspapers are concerned, fair play and justice demand that a performer, whether his or her character be good, bad or indifferent, shall receive impartial treatment. This has been meted out to Miss Cameron and her party. They have been weighed in the balance and found wanting in all the requirements of a first-class burlesque organization.

Their comedians are funeral; their women the most unpleasant types of the bold and brassy British burlesquer; their star an embodiment of mediocrity, and their pieces doleful and dreary specimens of an antique and exploded style of entertainment.

We are always willing to give merit its due, from whatever quarter of the globe it comes to us, but we must gauge its rights to consideration by the standard of our own stage. The native burlesque article, trivial and trashy though it be, is infinitely superior to the imported goods, at least if the Cameron crowd is entitled to be accepted as a fair sample.

Persona.



COGHAN—Rose Coghlan has finished the first month of her starring season and the results are highly satisfactory. In every place visited the charming actress has been heartily received and endorsed. Her repertoire is somewhat extended. "While Lady Teazle and Lady Gay were foregone conclusions," she writes THE MIRROR, "yet there was some doubt about Rosalind and Pauline. I am happy to assure you that, as you will see by the criticisms enclosed, all doubts are set at rest." The notices referred to, from the Toronto papers, enthusiastically approve Miss Coghlan's acting in both characters. She is named to Helen Faucet, and preferred to Rosalind. Miss Coghlan's portrait heads this paragraph.

YEAMANS—Jennie Yeamans is convalescing from her recent illness.

HILL—J. M. Hill is expected to arrive in the city some time within the next ten days.

WHITE—Mrs. Charles O. White, wife of the Detroit manager, has recovered her health.

ROBSON—Stuart Robson was called to Boston last Friday by the serious illness of his daughter.

MADDERN—Minnie Maddern has opened her fifth starring season under the most favorable auspices.

EVANS—Lizzie Evans is playing to crowded houses in Texas and the Southwest, where she is a great favorite.

MOSS—Emilie Moss, a daughter of Theodore Moss, is to be married next month to Mr. Thomas Randall Keator.

CHANFRAU—Henrietta Chanfrau resumes her season with The Scapegoat next Monday night in Chicago at McVicker's.

FORBES—Harold Forbes has resumed starring in The Pavements of Paris, playing his original part of De Flacon.

DAVIS—J. Charles Davis, Harry Miner's lieutenant, was last week made a fellow of the American Geographical Society.

EMMET—Mrs. J. K. Emmet has gone to Kentucky to purchase a saddle-horse that is noted for its paces and high degree.

HARRIGAN—Mrs. Edward Harrigan, who has been suffering for some weeks past with intermittent fever, is mending rapidly.

FENNESSY—Manager James E. Fennessy, of Heuck's Opera House, Cincinnati, celebrated his thirtieth birthday last week.

HUNT—Julia A. Hunt, who has been living in retirement in Wichita, Kas., for some years, intends to resume starring next month.

POPE—Charles Pope is at Hot Springs for recuperation. It is said he proposes to come East and reorganize his company for week stands.

SOLOMON—Fred. Solomon was presented with a gold headed cane on his retirement from the Pepita company. Of course it was a short stick.

MINER—About Saturday Harry Miner will leave for a week's duck shooting on the Chesapeake Bay. He will be accompanied by legal luminaries.

POUNDS—Courtice Pounds arrived from England on Monday. He will make his reappearance as Nanki Poo at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on next Monday evening.

MORGAN—Matt Morgan, whose war pictures were recently attached in Chicago, is now employed in preparing the scenery for the Wild West Winter season at the Madison Square Garden.

HOLLAND—George Holland was recently wedded to Miss Annie Fulton, a young lady of Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia. The bride is said to be a descendant of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat.

DAVENPORT—Fanny Davenport is collecting copious material for a biography of her father, E. L. Davenport. A well-known publishing house of this city has made the actress an offer to undertake its publication.

EASTLAKE—Miss Eastlake's peculiar style of wearing her hair is likely to become popular among our girls on and off the stage. Several maidens have appeared in the street with their heads encircled by hirsute aureoles.

CHANFRAU—Last week Mr. and Mrs. Chanfrau were thrown from their carriage at Long Branch while being driven to the depot. They were badly shaken up, but escaped serious injury. They were returning from a flying visit to their cottage.

BALFE—With very little preliminary advance work in the press, Louise Balfe started South in her play Dagmar, and has been doing finely. The critics are especially well pleased with her, and compare her acting very favorably with that of Clara Morris in its realistic intensity.

BYRON—Mrs. Kate Byron had a narrow escape at Haverhill, Mass., the other day. Her wig caught fire, but Mr. Byron, by the dexterous use of an old coat, averted a serious accident. This is Mrs. Byron's third escape from blazing hair.

CLAUDIAN—During the last two weeks, between half past ten and a quarter to eleven, a Dull Thud has been nightly heard anywhere within three or four blocks of the Star Theatre. Dull Thud simply announces the Earthquake in Claudian. English "grips" only are allowed to wrestle with the "Effect."

CHARLES—Merue Charles, after a retirement of three years from professional life, has concluded to go upon the stage again. Miss Charles has accepted an engagement for six weeks with a World company. She is remembered as a bright comedienne who won her laurels in the Fifth Avenue and McVicker's stock companies.

THORNDYKE—Louise Thorndyke (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) is pictured on the title-page of THE MIRROR this week. Miss Thorndyke is the happy possessor of a handsome face, a lissome figure, and talent that is marked enough to carry her through *ingenue* roles. She will be seen again on the local stage Saturday night, when she is to appear at the Standard in The Jilt.

HERCAT—Hercat, the illusionist, arrived from Europe last week. He had an exceptionally successful Summer season in London, and received tempting inducements to stay. Hercat brought over the Vanishing Lady illusion, but is disappointed to find that the "trick" is on the verge of being overdone. However, he believes that it is for the most part clumsily done, and he may therefore undertake its exhibition.

In the Courts.

A VICTORY FOR MR. THOMAS.

An important decision concerning the relations between musical directors and musical unions has just been rendered by Judge Potter in the Supreme Court. The decision will tend to put a stop to the tyrannical dictation that musical unions have attempted to exercise over leaders of orchestras and bands. Theodore Thomas engaged an oboe player who had just arrived from Europe, and who was objectionable to members of the Musical Union. The oboe player belonged to no Musical Union, and as a consequence, the officers of the Musical Union said that any member playing in a company with this oboe player would be fined, and expelled ultimately if he continued to associate with the non union man. In vain Mr. Thomas reiterated that there was no oboe player in the Musical Union who could play the music required or equal his new man in skill with the instrument. The oboe player then said he would join the Union rather than have any trouble; but the Union would not receive him, as he had not been in the country six months. Mr. Thomas was then compelled to obtain an injunction to restrain the Union from interfering with its own members. The case was argued before Judge Potter on a motion to make the injunction permanent. Judge Potter's decision is in favor of Mr. Thomas, holding that the by laws of the Union forbidding members to play with non-union men were in restraint of trade and against public policy, and therefore void.

The Court also issued a perpetual injunction forbidding these laws to be put in operation against the plaintiff.

THEY MUST HAVE LICENSES.

The proprietors of the concert halls on Fourteenth street who have thought that the little storm raised over the decision of the Court of Appeals, that the performances on their stages were theatrical in nature and a theatrical license must be taken out if they were to be continued, were disappointed the other afternoon by all being required to answer before a police magistrate why they had broken the law in giving performances without a license. The proprietors are in hard lines. If they take out a license they cannot sell beer. As the profit comes with the beer, they cannot afford to give up its sale. George Theiss, George H. Huber, Henry Gunther and Jacob Blank were required to furnish bail in \$700 each to appear at an examination. The counsel for all four were anxious for delays, as they said, to give them time to look up the law. The examination is adjourned to Nov. 5. The District Attorney has been asked to hurry these cases to a conclusion. An effort will be made with the Assembly that is to be chosen next Tuesday to have the stringent laws on the subject repealed.

Tribulation in Toronto.

Some two weeks ago J. J. Spies was commissioned to engage a company to appear in The World at O. B. Sheppard's theatre in Toronto. The company were sent to the Canadian city, when lo! they were confronted by W. H. Lytell! Most of them choked down their chagrin and remained. Mr. Spies asserts that he was as much deceived as the company; that he thought he was dealing directly with O. B. Sheppard; that he never would consign a company to the tender mercies of Lytell unless at least one week's salaries were paid in advance, etc. Still, the fact remains that certain members of the company just returned complain that they were drawn thither on false pretenses. One of the number, Carlos St. Aubyn, says:

"We were engaged for three weeks, with the understanding that we were to open in Toronto on Oct. 18. When we reached Toronto and were met by Lytell, who said he was acting manager for Sheppard, a vista of one night stands was opened before us. After I had returned to New York, Lytell wrote to Mr. Spies saying that I had overdrawn my account ten dollars, and asking him (Spies) to collect it. Fortunately I had data to disprove this."

Tony Hart to Try Once More.

Tony Hart has made arrangements to star in H. Wayne Ellis' new play, entitled, Donnybrook. To a MIRROR reporter Mr. Hart said:

"I shall make my first appearance in Mr. Ellis' work at the Jersey Academy of Music in Thanksgiving week. My part is a sort of Conn, the Shaughraun—Conn O. Brady, a young Irish gentleman, who is left alone to battle with the world and support a young sister. Then there is a young English officer, who is in love with the sister, and a villain who tries to get the girl to marry him with the promise of getting an estate left in chancery. Of course everything ends all right, but there's no use going into details."

"In the second act there is a scene of Donnybrook Fair, with its side-shows, its wild beasts, its fat women, its educated pigs, its singing and dancing, and you can understand what a splendid opportunity this will give for the splendid company I have gotten together. I have half a dozen good songs to sing, besides 'Barney,' which made such a hit up at the Standard Theatre. Of the company engaged I may mention Dick Carroll, who will appear in his specialties in the Donnybrook Fair scene, a very clever and bright team of Irish vocalists and dancers, and Carrie Tuttle, who will play the sourette part. The story of the play is pretty, interesting, full of fun, and with enough strong dramatic interest in it for half a

dozen pieces. I have a great deal of faith in this play. As you may know, I invested fully \$6,000 in material, and yet, of all I have, this is the only piece I feel that suits me. The Buttons and Toy Pistol style of play I never really liked or felt at home in, and the only reason I took them up was because I thought there was money in them. I have worked fifteen years at my trade, as one might say, with Mr. Harrigan, but the material is which to make my abilities—if I may be pardoned any egotism—prominent has never come my way. I think I've got it now in Donnybrook, and I'll leave it for the jury—the public—to decide."

In Re Zitka.

"I am going to close up the season of Zitka on next Saturday night," said Harry Miner to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "simply on account of not having proper time booked for it. I hardly think it profitable to make a jump from New York to the West and play all during the months of November and December as far out as Colorado Springs. The play is making a hit, and has made a hit. It has never played yet in any town where the receipts have not increased since the first night. But the company was too expensive. The play was badly booked—one and two night stands out to Denver. After that the route was in the week stands. I can't say that the bad booking was the fault of any one. It was made around the first of the season, when most of the good time was taken up, and it was too late to secure week dates."

"I am going to reorganize the Zitka company at once, and with a view to a metropolitan run. I have offered John Stetson \$2,400 a week for the Fifth Avenue Theatre for six weeks, but he declined. The offer, however, is still open for a metropolitan theatre. The play will be put on with 100 auxiliaries, a large ballet, chariots drawn by reindeer, and all the other concomitants of a spectacular piece—which it should be in reality."

Stanley McKenna's Benefit.

Stanley McKenna is a veteran journalist and playwright whose name and work are familiar to the profession and the public. Some time ago he was obliged to give up his desk in the Herald office on account of an illness that threatened to be fatal. Mr. McKenna is now convalescing, and, wishing to put him firmly on his feet again, a number of well-known journalists, managers and actors are getting up a testimonial entertainment that will take place on Sunday evening, Nov. 7, at Wallack's Theatre.

The benefit is immediately under the auspices of the Rev. Robert Collyer, Gen. M. T. McMahon, Rev. James McCready, Dr. W. A. Hammond, Rabbi Israel, Judge F. C. Gedney, Jacob Hess, Roscoe Conkling, Mayor William R. Grace, William Winter, John Ford, Harrison Grey Fiske, A. C. Wheeler, Mary H. Fiske, Ballard Smith, Amos J. Cummings, R. G. Morris and others.

The musical features of the entertainment will be in charge of Max Maretzek, P. S. Gilmore, Ad. Neuendorff, Walter Damrosch, W. J. Mullaly, Antony Reiff, Signor Tomaso and other well-known leaders. A long list of attractions, including several stars and favorite New York players, will be represented in the programme. J. W. Morrissey is now arranging the bill, and professionals desirous of taking part should send their names to him as soon as possible.

Mr. Emmet's Latest Victory.

J. K. Emmet is greatly elated over his "Boston victory." For years he has been trying to overcome the seeming prejudices of Hud theatre goers. At last he has succeeded. "This is my most successful season," said Mr. Emmet. "The average receipts have been \$8,000 a week since Sept. 20, our opening. Fritz, Our Cousin German, suits the public better than anything I have ever given. I have conquered everything—have appeared in every English-speaking country. I would give you the figures of the Boston engagement, but I know my critics would throw discredit on them. The Boston Theatre was packed at seven performances."

Mr. Hayman's Arrival.

Al Hayman arrived from San Francisco on last Thursday. He was in the best of health and spirits, and when seen by a reporter yesterday spoke cheerfully of the new project he has on hand to turn the California Theatre into a popular-price house.

"My time at the Baldwin," he said to a MIRROR reporter, "is filled for the entire season with such attractions as Edwin Booth, Clara Morris, Sarah Bernhardt, Maud Modjeska, the Florences, A. M. Palmer's company, the Duff Opera company, etc. With the desire of supplying a long felt want in San Francisco—namely, a combination house at popular prices—I have decided on opening the California Theatre on Jan. 3 as such, adopting \$1, seventy-five, fifty, thirty-five and twenty-five cents as the prices."

"This will enable me to book a great number of popular attractions that will do well in San Francisco, and that are anxious to go there. The Baldwin is the only theatre in San Francisco which charges Broadway prices. Time is being eagerly sought after, and is being rapidly filled. The California is undergoing a thorough renovation."

mercy. It shows how a young man about town having read in "A Satirical Society Review," called *The Nettle*, an article entitled "Notable Noodles," has regarded the article as directed at him. He therefore takes a horse-whip and calls at the editor's office. Editors out and has left his young and pretty sister in charge. Of course you may guess what takes place. The violent young man falls violently in love, and after a few misunderstandings and squabbles, the curtain falls on the young man turning his horse-whip in order to make the editor's kettle boil up for the editor's tea; and there you are, don't you know. The two characters in this dainty little piece are brightly impersonated by F. Kerr and Miss Cadmore. The Schoolmistress still goes merrily. Mrs. John Wood, who has been making a long holiday, returned to her duties on Monday.

No. 4 the new drama, called *Living or Dead*, with which Sadler's Wells reopened last Saturday, may be dismissed in two words. No. 5 is the revival of *Sophia* at the Vaudeville. And all I shall say of this is that it went better than ever, and drew forth continuous applause, not to mention tears and laughter. Charles Warner is now the Tom Jones in place of Charles Glenn, and good as Glenn's acting was in many points, Warner's is far better in this connection. I have not liked Warner's method of late months, but I must say that in *Sophia* he gave us his best form, and therefore shall have credit for the same. Manager Tom Thorne was again hugely successful as Barber Partridge, which is one of the best things he has ever done. The remainder of the cast is substantially the same as before, and a good, sound, hardworking cast it is.

Robert Buchanan, the adapter of *Sophia*, has been writing to the papers to complain of the critics who have charged him with having emasculated Fielding's hero. As is natural with R. B. when engaged in the pursuit of letter-writing, his letter is bristling with eccentricity and indignation. Also, as is natural with him in this connection, he goes a long way round in order to prove his case, and then doesn't prove it. All he manages to do in this letter is to give off strange statements about Goldsmith, Keats and Shelley, who, as far as I can see, are like the Flowers that Bloom in the Spring, tra la, inasmuch as they have nothing to do with the case.

Miss Grace Hawthorne, from your side, opens our Olympic on the 21st with the *Governess*, which is our old friend Miss Multon in disguise. My Miss, a farcical comedy by Catherine Lewis (who must be quite American, you know, by now) and Donald Robertson, was played at the Opera Comique a few days ago for copyright purposes—Augustus Harris has been fighting the Local Dustman. Don't be alarmed; the fight was in a court of law, and Harris won. Poor Jennie McNulty has been at death's door since I last mailed to you, but she is slightly mending again this week. To-day Elsa Dene, a new play written for Agnes Hewitt by A. C. Calmoun, is to be tried at the Brighton. Next week I hope to give you some account of it—Willie Edouin has just written me to say that as he has purchased the entire English rights of *Le Bonheur Conjugal*, he hereby gives notice that anyone infringing in any way the said rights will be proceeded against without further notice.

It seems that the Empire will, after all, have to fall back upon promenade concerts, or, haply, pantomime, for its Christmas entertainment, seeing that the Middlesex magistrates have this week flatly refused to license the house for music-hall or variety show purposes. Villiers, of the London Pavilion, and Sutton, of the Alhambra, are consequently jubilant; but Nicols, the proprietor of the Empire, mourns and will not be comforted. Nicols made a good fight, or at least Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, made a good fight for him. Sir Edward's argument was to the effect that as the Alhambra, with a paid-up capital of £57,000, was making £25,000 to £30,000 a year profit, and as Mr. Villiers had during the last twelve months spent upward of £70,000 on the London Pavilion, therefore there was plenty of room for a variety show at the Empire. The magistrates thought otherwise and signified the same in the usual manner.

The cablegrams concerning Wilson Barrett's reception in New York, which were received in London yesterday, are not without humor. The *Revue*'s description of Barrett as "a large, well built man" must be meant as a joke. Barrett is symmetrical enough, certainly, but I'll wager he doesn't stand more than 5 feet 7 inches. The denunciations of Mr. Hudson for burlesquing Henry Irving seem to us very funny. As a matter of fact Hudson always does look more or less like Irving, which may be his misfortune, but is certainly not his fault. Hudson's natural voice is remarkably like Irving's, and his facial resemblance to that actor has frequently been noticed since his Princess' engagement; but I never yet heard anyone even suggest that these resemblances were intended as insults to the Eminent One, and I don't believe they were.

The company engaged by W. W. Kelly to support Grace Hawthorne at the London Olympic during the engagement which began last Thursday with Miss Multon, includes Stanislaus Canaan, Frank Wood, George Temple, John Phipps, Hubert Byron, Alfred Davis, Lydia Cowell, Fanny Heath, Gladys Elliott, Olga Brandon and Alice Chandos.

Professional Doings.

—George Hinson has joined Power's Ivy Leaf company.

—W. C. Coup will shortly take his horse-show to Australia.

—James H. A. has resigned Oliver Barton for the season.

—Harold Courtney will be at liberty for leading business after Nov. 1.

—The two biggest circus concerns have snuggled up in Winter quarters.

—A grand Christmas attraction is wanted for the Binghamton (N. Y.) Opera House.

—Thomas Maguire has been engaged to assist in the management of Don Boucault's tour.

—Charles Allison is playing a comedy part in Kate Forsyth's *Marcelle*, and managing the stage.

—Osmond Lear and Minnie Conway have been engaged for Bidwell's New Orleans stock company.

—Harry Brown has been engaged for one of the comedy roles in *The Scapogot*, in support of Mrs. Henrietta Chastan.

—Lizzie Evans is reading a play written specially for her by F. H. Barnard, of Boston, and entitled *The Fisher Maiden*.

—Leclair and Russell presented their Practical Joke at Fort Worth, Texas, last week, for the benefit of the Sabine Pass sufferers.

—H. E. Wheeler has rejoined the ZoZo company as advance agent. After a few weeks of inertia he has taken up his work with renewed energy.

—Human Snake men are keeping pace with the Vanishing Ladies. No vaudeville company can very well dispense with a Marvellous Conjuror.

—Lillian Lewis' company disbanded in Savannah last week. The members were left destitute. The Ford Dramatic Society assisted at a benefit.

—J. H. Browne, last season with W. J. Florence and the Madison Square Private Secretary company, has been engaged *The Pulse of New York*.

—Jules Levy is about to make a tour of the world. He will be managed by C. H. Dittman, who is going to Dublin shortly to arrange for the opening concerts.

—Mlle. Rhea begins an engagement at the Boston Theatre on Nov. 29 appearing in Ernest Legouve's comedy, *Fairy Fingers*, and *The Romance of a Poor Young Man*.

—Branch O'Brien has returned to the business management of Helene Adell. He is suing Leslie Allen for back salary in the matter of something that was Talked About.

—Palma Schroeder, formerly of the Tin Soldier company, has been engaged for Harley Merry's stock company, and is at present playing Dorothy in Kathleen Mavourneen.

—A feature of Harley Merry's Argonauts of '49 is the Chinaman, Sam Wong, of R. S. Lyle. It was received with great favor at Merry's Bijou Theatre, East Brooklyn, last week.

—J. H. Barnes' appearance in *Macbeth* at the London Olympic was eminently successful. He will be seen in the character with Miss Davenport when the latter essays the role of Lady Macbeth in Philadelphia.

—Josephine Cameron is to star under the management of W. P. Webster and D. H. Wheeler in *Camille*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *East Lynne*, *Ingomar*, *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Led Astray*. She will act in the popular-price houses.

—Ashtabula, O., lies between Erie and Cleveland, and Smith and Son, who run the Opera House, claim it to be a good town for the better attractions. The house is modern and comfortable, and seats 900. There is open time on share only.

—The premiere danseuse, Frauline Irma von Rakay, is at liberty through C. L. Andrews dispensing with the ballet in Michael Strogoff. She is one of the finest dancers on the American stage, and is prepared to engage with a responsible attraction.

—Contracts were given out last week for the entire repainting and redecorating of Hooley's Theatre, Chicago. As there was no time for the work during the summer months, it will be carried on weekly between Saturday and Monday nights until it is completed.

—Bertha Welby has concluded to break her contract with George Blumenthal, as she refuses to play cheap price theatres. She closed on Saturday at Tony Pastor's. If Mr. Blumenthal alters the route Miss Welby says she has no objection to resuming with him.

—Conneaut, O., has nearly doubled its population in the last two years, and here are located the shops of the Nickel Plate road, supporting hundreds of families. Cleveland's Hall, seating 600, caters to theatre goers. G. H. Cleveland, the manager, shares only.

—Blanche Curtiss seems to be attracting attention out of town on the score of her beauty. The dramatic man of the Nashville *Union* says of her appearance in *Zor*: "She is the most royal specimen of female beauty and loveliness that has trod the boards of 'Old Drury' since the historic days of Adah Isaacs Menken."

—Prof. D. M. Bristol, the famous educator and exhibitor of the horse, is receiving enormous sums from managers everywhere on the merit of his Equestrianism. Manager A. J. Kasson, of Groversville, N. Y., procures it the greatest money making attraction ever presented in his theatre. It does an enormous business at every stand.

—Mama J. H. Dietrich, of Houtzdale, Pa., claims that he has the best "show town" in the famous coal region of the Keystone State. His Opera House is on the ground floor, it seats 1,300 and caters to a population of 12,000. The stage is 3,000 ft. the scenery 12,000 ft. The dressing rooms, comfortable and the house is entirely new and will be ready for opening about the middle of December.

—The Park View Hotel is the only house in Erie, Pa., that makes a specialty of catering to the profession. Special rates are made. The hotel is directly opposite the Park Opera House and the Mirror is always to be found on file. Burrows and Dreiss are the proprietors. The theatrical baggage of the city is C. M. Stone, who gives prompt attention to orders sent to the Opera House.

—It has been definitely decided to play Cauchan all the present week at the Star Theatre, instead of putting on *Hamlet* for a few

nights as it was intended to do, in order to ship the heavy scenery of the former play to Boston. The trouble has been gotten over by the management deciding to play *Hamlet* at the Globe Theatre, Boston, for two or three nights, by which time the scenery of the other play will have arrived.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Heron are falling upon pleasant places in New England. In one scene of *The Inside Track* Mrs. Heron, as the lame-tail Jenny, carries a lantern. Lady friends have dignified this with one that is silver-plated, and when it was passed over the footlights it was concealed in flowers. Members of a foot club of which Mr. Heron is an "honorary" have presented him with a pair of silver-mounted oars.

—Recently Arthur Rehan requested *The Mirror* to state that he was in no way connected with the company now playing *A Night Off*. Mr. Rehan said that out of town managers were not fully informed of this, and that some little confusion was caused thereby. The time-photograph of Rehan provokes a letter from a Rochester gentleman, in which he drops into praise of the *Night Off* company and its belongings, and says that the statement may create a wrong impression.

—The weeks of Nov. 29 and Dec. 6 and 13 are open for Frank E. Aiken and his comedy-drama, *Against the Stream*. Mr. Aiken has been playing for the last two weeks in principal cities of the West, where his drama has met with flattering success. It is highly endorsed by Managers Mitchell and Havlin, of St. Louis and Cincinnati, respectively. Mr. Aiken is supported by Genevieve Rogers, which makes the attraction a double star. John W. Blaisdell is the manager, and may be addressed as per route in *THE MIRROR*.

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TO THE PROFESSION. Huntley House, Harbor Island. MAMARONECK, WESTCHESTER CO., N. Y. Twenty miles from the city.

The house is pleasantly located in the harbor, half a mile from the railroad station and quarter of a mile from the mainland. For particulars relative to board, etc., address T. H. HUNTLEY.

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NOTICE. To Stage Carpenters and Theatrical Builders. Theatrical Stage Hardware a Specialty. Iron Forgings in any shape made to order. References: Harry Miner and T. W. Moore, of Harry Miner's Enterprises. Price list sent on application.

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CIRCESSIAN KALODERMA. For Beautifying the Complexion. Ladies will find this preparation unequalled for removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, etc., etc. It restores the face and neck from the evil effects of the most dangerous and poisonous skin preparations.

Price, 50 CENTS. MADAME LAFAUGH, 157 E. 10th Street, N. Y.

ALL COMPLAINTS OF WOMEN treated with exclusive success. Twenty-five years' experience. Book containing new methods of treatment, sent free. PHYSICIAN, 143 West 4th St.

Professional Doings.

—Fred. Wren is reviving Distrust in Buffalo this week.

—George C. Minn has opened another starring tour.

—James Horne has succeeded H. M. Pittin Herne's Minute Men.

—A lodge of Elks with fifty charter members has just been installed in Toledo, O.

—Charles Pope has notified Texas managers that he will fill his dates in that State.

—The Enterprise Band of Knoxville, Tenn., serenaded Patti Rosa last Saturday night.

—The McDowell Comedy company opens a three weeks' season in Winnipeg on Nov. 8.

—The Two Johns packed the Standard Theatre, St. Louis, to the doors last Sunday night.

—Theodore Hendix, musical director, has left Aimee's company and joined George S. Knight.

—The Kivality's Rat-Catcher will open in San Francisco on Dec. 6 for a season of two weeks.

—Favorable reports are received of the production of On the Rio Grande in Baltimore Monday night.

—John Halligan is open for business management or advance work. He is at his home in Huntsville, Texas.

—John A. Ellis has secured a renewal of the lease of the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Opera House, and on advantageous terms.

—Jessie Buckner, said to be a daughter of Gen. Buckner the Confederate officer, is a member of the Zozo company.

—Five minstrel companies are or have been recently doing Texas. The best business has fallen to their share.

—M. B. Curtis was caught in a corner and given a fine reception in Detroit last week. Detroit was Mr. Curtis' former home.

—Maude Harris is still drawing forth the praises of the Western press by her performance of Peachblossom in Under the Gaslight.

—Mrs. G. W. Crowell, mother of Floy Crowell, died in Cincinnati last Saturday. She had been for years a sufferer from consumption.

—The Superior House, at Cleveland, O., is situated most conveniently to all the theatres. F. Van Loan, well known in the profession, is the proprietor.

—Ermine played to \$12,000 last week at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, the largest comic opera business ever known in the Quaker City.

—W. A. Hubbard has succeeded E. G. Haynes as manager of the Opera House at Norristown, Pa. Mr. Hubbard was formerly Mr. Haynes' employe.

—Prices at the Court Street Theatre, Buffalo, have been still further reduced. The competition of Bunnell's Museum was rather too much for the Court.

—The Academy of Music, Cleveland, is now under new management, and is conducted as a first-class popular-price theatre. It is supplied with every modern convenience.

—The Hanlons' Fantasma played a remarkable engagement at Chateaux's Bijou Theatre, Pittsburgh, last week. People were literally turned away at eight performances.

—The New Johnson House, at 133 Superior street, Cleveland, has been remodelled, refitted and refurbished throughout. Theatrical companies are accommodated at reduced rates.

—The season of Theodora has opened auspiciously on the road, beginning its season at the Grand Opera House, Montreal, on Monday evening to \$1,300. The company will play a return engagement at Niblo's in the Spring.

—The new company to support Mrs. Chanfrau in The Scapegoat includes Horace Vinton, Harry Brown, Stella Boniface, Helen Bancroft, and Harry Weaver. The play will be presented at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, Nov. 29.

—The scenery for Edwin Booth's production of Hamlet, which is quite elaborate, is being painted by Phil Goatcher at the Star. The paint-frames at all the theatres are overcrowded just now, by the way, and several artists are rummaging about for places to do their work.

—Instead of the old canebrake scene in The Octoroon, Henry Chanfrau introduces a swamp set with a fall of real water. Mr. Chanfrau is meeting with success in the quaint role of Salem Scudder in this play. The young star has flattering offers of dates on the Pacific coast, including San Francisco.

—David Bidwell's stock season at the Grand Opera House, New Orleans, will open on Nov. 14, the company leaving this city for the South on Nov. 4. The following people have been engaged: Osmond Tearle, Barton Hill, Charles Wheatleigh, Walter Dennis, Hart Conway, Luke Martin, Edgar Selden, Louis Mitchell, H. C. Brinker, Minnie Conway, May Brookyn, Isabelle Waldron, Emma Waldron and Pauline Duffield.

—Marguerite Fish closed in Vienna Oct. 14, and sailed for this country from Bremen on the 19th on the steamer Fulda. She brings her Bavarian maid and cross-eyed pug, as well as the book, score and wardrobe of Audran's comic opera, Gillette de Narbonne, which will be produced at the Thalia Theatre during her engagement there. A very pretty flat has been rented and will be all ready for occupancy upon the arrival of Miss Fish. Leonard Grover's new comedy, Our Wedding Day, written for Miss Fish, has been completed.

—Fanny Davenport had a crowded house at Newark on Monday night and Much Ado About Nothing went with enthusiastic applause. The star was called before the curtain over and over again and the universal opinion of the audience was that a more delightful Beatrice never had appeared in Newark. The music by Fred. Lyster was sung with fine effect by the same quartette as in the production at the Union Square Theatre under the direction of the composer, and every number was redempted. Mr. Hayes made a hit as Benedick and pretty Miss Lytton won many hearts as Hero.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

The following are the names of the managers of the theatres, hotels, and other places mentioned in the Mirror, arranged alphabetically.

ALBANY, N. Y.
SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE.
 Manager, J. W. SMITH.

ALBANY, N. Y.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
 Population of city and vicinity 25,000. Extensive alterations, new scenery, new decorations, well-appointed dressing-rooms. Entirely refitted and remodelled for coming season.
WANTED: Companies for three-night and week stands at popular low prices. A comic opera company for Christmas week. Also have good time for cheap prices.
 Address all communications to
H. J. HAGENBUCH, Proprietor.

ALBANY, N. Y.
Williams Opera House.
 Seven hundred chairs, steam heated, full scenery.
Wanted: Good attractions for first and last week in October.
C. F. WILLIAMS, Manager.

ALBANY, N. Y.
Wyoming Hotel.
 Headquarters of dramatic profession, next door to Opera House. Special rates. S. WILDER, Prop.

ALBANY, N. Y.
Augusta Hotel and Globe Hotel.
 Headquarters for the profession. Low rates to theatrical companies. Mission on file.
L. E. DODDLETT, Proprietor, Augusta, Ga.

ALBANY, N. Y.
NEW OPERA HOUSE.
 Southern terminus O. & N. R. R. Capacity 400. Good show town.
D. G. SIMMONDS, Manager.

ALBANY, N. Y.
GLOBE HOTEL.
 Near Opera House and Depot. Special rates to the profession. New York Mission on file. S. A. LUTZ, Proprietor.

ALBANY, N. Y.
SHURY PARK, N. Y.
OPERA HOUSE.
 Finely appointed in every respect. Seating 1,200. For open time address ISAAC COLEMAN, Sore Manager and Lessee.

BROOKPORT, N. Y.
Ward's Opera House.
 Seating capacity 600, all chairs; well heated.
WANTED: Good attractions for October. Good show town.
G. R. WARD, Proprietor.

Getty House.
 Best hotel in town. First-class in every respect. Special rates. Free bus to Ward's Opera House. N. Y. Mission on file.
I. A. GETTY, Proprietor.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
 Population 22,000.
BINGHAMTON OPERA HOUSE.
J. P. E. CLARK, Manager.
Wanted: A strong attraction for Christmas. Two performances. Big business guaranteed.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
UNITED STATES HOTEL.
 Headquarters of the leading profession. Conveniently located to all the theatres and depots. Special rates by correspondence. N. Y. Mission on file.
J. LATZ, Jr., Manager.

BOSTON, MASS.
HOTEL ELIOT.
 14, 16, 18, 20 ELIOT STREET, BOSTON.
 Rooms with Modern Improvements.
 First class board at reasonable prices.
SPECIAL TERMS TO PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE.

BEAVER FALLS, PA.
SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE.
 The largest, most popular and best theatre in the country. Ground floor. Seating capacity, 1,200. Fifteen dressing rooms. Stage 35x70 feet. Sets scenery 12. Booking one date per week only. No cheap attractions. Write for time. Standard prices. Wanted: one date in the following weeks: Jan. 10, 17, 24, 31; Feb. 7, March 7, 21, 28 and after. Beware of Randall's claiming I play at cheap prices, which is false.
C. W. KOHRKAST, Mgr. and Prop.

BRISTOL, PA.
 Population, 7,000.
BRISTOL OPERA HOUSE.
 Seating capacity 1,100, all chairs. Full set of scenery. Well heated. Stage 25x40. An orchestra available.
WANTED: Good attractions at all times, which will receive good terms. First-class show town and only theatre.
JAMES WRIGHT, Manager.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
Casino Theatre.
 Seating 2,000, folding chairs, steam heated, full set of scenery. Good specialty artist wanted, also good attraction for Christmas week. J. W. GERLACH, Mgr.

BROOKPORT, N. Y.
American Hotel.
 Headquarters of the dramatic profession. Special rates. N. Y. Mission on file. C. C. FOX, Proprietor.

CINCINNATI, O.
ROYAL HOTEL.
 Southeast corner Walnut and Court streets.
 The above Hotel has been entirely renovated and refitted with new and handsome furniture.
SPECIAL RATES TO THEATRICAL PEOPLE.
 Good rooms, including board, \$5 and \$6 per week.
 Call or address
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CLEVELAND, O.
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 24 Super or street. Home of the profession. Special rates.
F. VAN LOAN, Proprietor.

CLEVELAND, O.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
 Seating capacity 1,000, all chairs. Full scenery and every modern convenience. Wanted, good attractions for December and January. W. F. DOBBERT, Mgr.

CLEVELAND, O.
New Johnson House.
 133 Superior street. Special rates to the profession.
H. B. WEST, Manager.

CONNEAUT, O.
 Population, 5,000.
CLEVELAND'S HALL.
 Seating capacity 600, all chairs. Full scenery, well heated, etc. Open time for good attractions always. Share only.
G. H. CLEVELAND, Manager.

CORNING, N. Y.
 Population 8,000.
HARVARD ACADEMY.
 Seating capacity, 1,000. Stage, 35x40. Full scenery. Only place of amusement in the city. A few open dates to good attractions in October.
G. W. SMITH, Manager.

EXCHANGE HOTEL.
 One block from Academy; headquarters of the Dramatic Profession. Special rates. C. F. BEARD, Prop.

CONCORD, N. H.
 Population, 15,000.
WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE.
 Seating capacity, 1,000.
 Stage entirely refitted and enlarged this season. Share with first-class attractions only.
 For terms and dates apply to
B. C. WHITE, Manager.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.
Weller's Hall.
 Seating capacity, 600. Stage 30x30. Six sets scene v. Steam-heated; lighted with gas. Centrally located. Will be ready to open at popular price. Oct. 10, 1897. Rent to share.
Address W. L. WELLES.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
PAVILION HOTEL.
 First class. Centrally located. Special rates to the profession. Transfer busses and wagons at all trains. Handling done cheaper than by any other line.
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WESTER HOUSE.
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CHILMARK, N. Y.
OPERA HOUSE.
F. J. CALLAN, Manager.

HARMONY HOTEL.
F. J. CALLAN, Proprietor.
 Special rates to the profession.

DEN MOINES, IOWA.
NEW GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
 The only theatre in the city that has never played at a loss. For dates and terms address
 New York Mission on file, except 14th and 20th.
W. W. MORRIS, Proprietor and Manager.

DAYTON, OHIO.
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 Best accommodations for theatrical people. One block from the Opera House. The following speaks for itself:
 We, the undersigned, take great pleasure in recommending your hotel to all professional people as strictly first-class in every respect. Your accommodations and your rates are superb.
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DENVER, COL.
MUSIC HALL.
 Formerly Academy of Music, which was burned July 4, will be ready for refined attractions about Nov. 1. Seating capacity 4,500. Movable opera chairs. Building stone and iron. Largest exits and insurance 50 per cent. less than any theatre West. The only theatre or hall for big combinations.
 None but well-known and successful attractions need apply for dates to
P. T. HUGHES, Owner and Manager, Denver.

ELIOT, PA.
 Population 40,000.
PARK OPERA HOUSE.
 Only theatre in Erie. Seating capacity, 1,600. All chairs; every modern improvement and convenience. Open time for good attractions in Thanksgiving and Christmas weeks.
Address JOHN P. HILL, Mgr.

ELIOT, PA.
Park View Hotel.
 Facing Opera House. Only home of profession in city. Special rates and every convenience. N. Y. Mission on file.
BURKOW & DREIFUSS, Props.

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C. M. STONE.
 All orders addressed care of Park Opera House will receive prompt attention.

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BUCKBEE HOUSE.
 Near both theatres and depot. Headquarters dramatic profession. Special rates.
A. BUCKBEE, Prop.

GREENVILLE, OHIO.
MOZART HALL.
 Live town; 6,000 people; ground floor; seats 1,600 people; opera chairs; stage ample and scenery fine and complete. The only house for big combinations to play to advantage and make money. Wanted, first-class attractions for the season of 1896-97. Address all communications to
J. E. FRV, Manager.

GREENVILLE, PITT COUNTY, N. C.
SKINNER'S OPERA HOUSE.
 Seats 500. Good show town.
M. HORN, Manager.

HOUTZDALE, PA.
OPERA HOUSE.
 On ground floor. Seating capacity, 1,350. Stage 30x65. Comfortable dressing-rooms. Complete stock of scenery. Population of 12,000 to draw from, and best show town in the bituminous coal region. This house is new and ready for opening on or about Dec. 15. Ready to book companies for after this date.
Address J. H. DIETRICK, Manager.

HARTFORD, CT.
ALLYN HALL.
 Wanted to share, strong attractions for matinee and night of Thanksgiving, New Year's, Washington's Birthday and March 17, a good Irish play. House holds 1,500. Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.
Address P. O. Box, 857, Hartford.

HOWELL, MICH.
HOWELL OPERA HOUSE.
 Good attraction wanted for Nov. 20—Thanksgiving. Entire week open. Town booming. House seats 1,000. Stage 26x44.
Address STAIR BROS., Managers.

HARRISBURG, PA.
 Population, 45,000.
STEELETON, 2 miles by Street Railway, 10,000.
PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
 Only house on ground floor in the city. Entirely new. Seating capacity, 1,200.
 Full set of scenery.
 Stage 40x50, lit by electric light, and every modern improvement.
 Open time for good attractions.
GEORGE E. TUCKER, Manager.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.
Delevan House.
 Headquarters Professional. Free bus; special rates; next door to Opera House. Mission on file.
H. C. ARMS & SON, Proprietors.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.
ALCAZAR OPERA HOUSE.
 New scenery and light perfect. Seating capacity, 600. Popular prices. Rent or share for dates, etc., address
BYE DE R. CLEMONS, Manager.

HENDERSON, TEXAS.
PETTY'S OPERA HOUSE.
 Is open for engagements for 1896-97. New and complete. Capacity 350. Population 2,500. First-class entertainments well patronized. Will rent or share first class cos.
F. W. PETTEY, Manager.

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.
HUNTSVILLE OPERA HOUSE.
 Population 8,000. Seats 1,200. Will play only standard companies at standard prices.
O. R. HUNDLEY.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.
 Population, 30,000.
GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE.
 Seating capacity, 800. Full set of scenery and every modern improvement. Now booking good combinations at popular prices. (This is no joking risk.)
R. M. HERRINGTON, Manager.

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FAUROT OPERA HOUSE.
FINDLAY, OHIO.
DAVIS OPERA HOUSE.
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Timme-meister's Opera House.
 These are the finest Opera Houses in the State.
 TOWNS BOOMING, being the centre of the wonderful OIL AND GAS FIELD.
 For time and terms, address
GEO. E. ROGERS, Lessee and Manager, Lima, Ohio.

LOCKPORT, N. Y.
HOPE OPERA HOUSE.
 Constructed after the most approved modern plans; heated by steam; complete scenery; permanent seats, 1,200; seating capacity, 2,000; population, 18,000. Open dates in November—1 to 5, 8 to 12, 14, 16, 17 to 20. All communications must be addressed to the undersigned. No managers or agents connected with the house.
JOHN HODGE, Proprietor.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.
PALACE THEATRE.
 This is an entire new theatre handsomely fitted up; 1,200 opera chairs; stage opening, 30 feet; height of girders, 15 feet; depth, 40 feet; from wall to wall; 100 feet between girders, 40 feet. Well stocked with scenery. For dates, terms, etc., address
O. F. MILLER, Manager.

AKTELL HOUSE.
CHAS. TRAVERS, Proprietor.

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MECHANICS' HALL.
 Seating 300. Good stage and scenery. Manufacturing point and live town. Good business for good cos. Wanted Thanksgiving attraction. Address
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 Seating capacity 600. Complete new scenery. Population 2000. Share or rent.
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MAINE, N. Y.
HOWARD OPERA HOUSE.
 Seats 700. Complete scenery. Population 1,000. Now booking.
FERGUSON & MERRITT, Managers.

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 Population, 12,000.
BULL'S OPERA HOUSE.
 (The only Opera House in town.) Seating capacity, 1,200. All chairs, heated, full set of scenery. Open dates for good attractions.
ALBERT BULL, Manager.

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TURNER OPERA HOUSE.
 Ground floor. Seating capacity, 1,200. Full stage and scenery. Everything new. Good show town.
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 Only theatre in the city. Seating capacity 1,200, all chairs. Steam heated, full scenery, stage 35x50. Open for good attractions.
AVERS D. INSLEE, Manager.

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McCORMICK'S HOTEL.
 Near Opera House and depot. Special rates to the profession.
E. McCORMICK, Proprietor.

NEWARK, N. J.
NEWARK OPERA HOUSE.
WANTED: First-class combinations for Nov. 2, 23, Dec. 20, Feb. 21, March 23, and April 4, 1897.
FRED. WALDMANN, Manager.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
 (Formerly Liberty Hall.)
 Attractions suitable for lady audiences, booked for one week at popular low prices. Population 35,000. House seats 1,400. Stage 40x50. Good time in January, February and March open. Balance of season filled.
Address A. S. FOSTER, Agent.

NEWTON, IOWA.
LISTER'S OPERA HOUSE.
 Seats 600. Share only.
AK HUR J. WRIGHT, Mgr.

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RIVERSIDE HOTEL.
 The only house away from the Railroad.
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CENTRAL HOUSE.
 Facing Opera House. Special rates to drama cos. Free bus meets all trains.
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WILSON OPERA HOUSE.
 Seating capacity, 1,200. Has lately been refitted, re-seated with upholstered folding opera chairs, stage enlarged and floor incased.
S. F. FAIRCHILD, Mgr.

OSKOSH, WIS.
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 This house is new and is on the ground floor. First-class in every respect. Oskosh is the second city in the State. Only first-class attractions wanted at regular prices. None other need apply. Managers desiring dates can confer with H. S. TAYLOR, 23 East Fourteenth street, New York, or with the undersigned at Oskosh, Wis.
H. B. JACKSON.

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 The only first-class theatre in the city. Population, 25,000. Play only two attractions a week. New York agent, H. S. TAYLOR. JOHN R. PIERCE, Manager.

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 Population, 75,000.
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 Seating capacity 2,000, well lighted, good ventilation. Every modern improvement. Acoustics perfect. Central location. Wanted—Good specialty artists at all times. Address
J. M. WOODS, Manager.

PATERSON, N. J.
 Population, 70,000.
PHILIPSON'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
 Seating capacity, 1,200, all chairs; full capacity, 1,800. Steam heated. Full set of scenery. Ladies retiring room and every modern improvement. Open dates for good attractions.
A. PHILIPSON, Manager.

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 Have good open dates for STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS ONLY. Seating capacity, 1,200. Population over 10,000. Located in the heart of town. Two minutes walk from depot. Address
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LEA'S OPERA HOUSE.
 Permanent seats, 1,500, all chairs. Seating capacity, 2,000. Full set of scenery, heated, first-class dressing-rooms. The best show town outside of Buffalo. Open for good attractions at all times.
GEORGE LEA, Manager.

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DELAWARE HOUSE.
 Near Opera House and Depot. First-class in every respect. Special rates to the profession. N. Y. Mission on file.
J. C. WICKHAM, Proprietor.

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 All orders will receive prompt and careful attention when sent to
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TELLER'S HOTEL.
 259 and 261 South Ninth Street. Headquarters of the dramatic profession. Special rates. Meals at all hours. New York Mission on file.
M. TELLER, Proprietor.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
NEW OSBORN HOUSE.
 SOUTH SAINT PAUL STREET.
ELMER E. ALMY, Proprietor.

RALEIGH, N. C.
TUCKER HALL.
 Population, 17,500. Open time in November and December. Share or rent.
J. & F. J. P. FERRALL.

RALEIGH, N. C.
CENTRAL HOTEL.
 Large, well ventilated rooms. Special rates to companies.

SOUTHWESTERN
OPERA HOUSE CIRCUIT.
 Composed of the following good show towns, all having fine opera houses,
SOLICITS BOOKINGS FOR 1896-97.
 From all first-class Troupes, Combinations and Minstrel Companies.
 The cities composing this circuit average twenty miles apart, with very best railroad facilities.
 For dates apply to the following managers:

City	Population	Seating Capacity	Managers
Joplin, Mo.	12,000	1,000	H. H. Haven
Webb City, Mo.	10,000	800	James Gannon
Columbus, Kas.	10,000	800	E. E. Hagan
Parsons, Kas.	10,000	800	Let L. Baird
St. Paul, Kas.	10,000	800	W. P. Patterson
Pittsburg, Kas.	10,000	800	C. J. Hunter
Lamar, Mo.	10,000	800	Harry C. Moore
Nevada, Mo.	10,000	800	Frederick C. Moore
Rich Hill, Mo.	10,000	800	Frederick C. Moore
Butler, Mo.	10,000	800	Don Kenney
Paula, Kas.	10,000	800	Samuel Smith
Ottawa, Kas.	10,000	800	L. D. White
Garrett, Kas.	10,000	800	S. Kaufman

W. P. PATTERSON, President, Fort Scott, Kas.
 H. H. HAVEN, Secretary, Joplin, Mo.
 General information in regard to the circuit, railroad connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
ALCAZAR THEATRE.
 Seating capacity 1,000. The handsome Moorish Temple of Art. Will play on shares or rental. Open dates by address
GEO. WALKER, Manager.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
 The Newport of the South.
GENOVAR OPERA HOUSE.
 Everything entirely new and of the latest design. Seats 2,000. Population in Winter 10,000. Light by gas and electricity. Stage large, elegant, scenery, fine dressing-rooms. Now booking for 1896-97, share only.
RALPH BELL, Lessee and Manager.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.
TO LET—The Shakespeare Hall.
 Seating capacity 1,500. Steam heated. Folding chairs. Full set of scenery. Best location.
S. BASTABLE, Proprietor.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.
 Population 8,000. Water-100 connected by street railway (2000) Geneva, 10 miles; Auburn, 16 miles.
DANIEL'S OPERA HOUSE.
 House entirely new; accommodates 1,200. Address and Kane facing chairs; 21 sets of new scenery; stage 35x50; steam heated, electric light. Wanted for opening date, about Oct. 12, first-class company only, which will receive best terms. Other dates open will share.
MILTON HOGG, Proprietor.

SHARON, PA.
Carver Opera House.
 Open dates for good attractions.
F. F. DAVIS, Manager.

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JOE EMMET AT THE GRAND.—Joe Emmet, the same light-hearted, merry Fritz, appeared at the Grand last night. Just as young and sweet of voice as ever, bubbling up melodiously like a song-memory of the past. There was a vast audience assembled, and one quite as responsive as ever honored Fritz by its applause. Its people recognized at once that magnetic influence that in this actor all seem to have agreed to worship. What a striking and remarkable character is Emmet at any rate. How marked his individuality and how lasting his hold upon the public! If he has aged any it was not apparent last evening, nor has he deteriorated in voice, nor lost any of the elasticity of step. He sang and danced just as of old, carrying his audience to that pitch that his every song was redemanded. Mr. Emmet presented the original Fritz, the best and most successful of all his plays, and it may be said that those who saw him last evening saw him at his best.

His supporting company was very good, some one or two of its individuals demanding special mention.

Fritz again to-night.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

It is quite evident that J. K. Emmet has lost none of his drawing powers. The "Standing Room Only" sign at the Grand was hanging in the lobby at 7:30 last evening, and several hundred people were turned away, unable to gain admission.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

An audience which filled the Grand and overflowed into the lobby last night witnessed the performance of the play, "Our Fritz," by J. K. Emmet. The play was a great success, and the audience was very large. The play was a great success, and the audience was very large.

Mr. Emmet's performance of the play, "Our Fritz," was a great success. The audience was very large, and the play was a great success.

The play, "Our Fritz," was a great success. The audience was very large, and the play was a great success. The play was a great success, and the audience was very large.

GRAND—J. K. EMMET.—The Grand contained a very large audience last evening—about the largest one of the present season—and it was a very enthusiastic one before the evening was very long. The play of Fritz suggests the chestnut; but it is only in name, as the play has been rewritten and overhauled, and is now by far the best play that Mr. Emmet has ever owned. The plot is of interest, although not a deep one, and many of the lines are of orth. The scenery is very good, all of the sets making pretty pictures, and it was painted expressly for this tour. Last evening Mr. Emmet appeared to better advantage than he has before in years to Cincinnati audiences. He seemed his old-time self.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Fritz at the Academy.—If the opening night can be taken as an indication of the success that awaits Mr. J. K. Emmet during the coming season, he did a wise thing in reviving his old play, Fritz, Our Cousin German. He played to standing room only at the Academy of Music last evening, before an audience which accorded him a most enthusiastic reception. Fritz, as presented last evening, is a stronger play in many respects than the several versions of it which Mr. Emmet has been presenting for several seasons past, and affords him an opportunity for the display of the several specialties in which he excels. He was in excellent voice last evening and his new songs were repeated & encored, though some disappointment was felt that none of the old favorites were given. Mr. Emmet's company is, as usual, a first-class one, the babies and the dog Rover coming in for a large share of praise. The stage settings are very attractive, and aid much in the development of the plot. Crowded houses will probably be the order of the remainder of the week.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

The Grand was crowded again last night by the performance of the play, "Our Fritz," by J. K. Emmet. The play was a great success, and the audience was very large.

Mr. Emmet's performance of the play, "Our Fritz," was a great success. The audience was very large, and the play was a great success.

allow memory to wander back to the night when Fritz was baptized in the same Thespian temple. The chronicles show this important rite to have been performed November 22, 1859. But it would seem that along with his baptism Fritz received the blessing of perennial youth, for he came upon the stage last night with the same youth, verve and buoyancy that marked his entrance seventeen years ago. Nor has that merry twinkle of the eye lost any of its lustre or tantalizing drollery, and the same witchery lurks even in those pearly teeth. Mr. Emmet in short is the delightful German comedian that he has always been, and this statement will amply indicate the character of the entertainment he offers to his friends—and who is not "Fritz" friend? To speak of his careless grace, his genial humor, his winning voice and agile step, is to traverse familiar ground. His sunny presence, as heretofore, imparts a warm glow to the stage, and there is no resisting the magic of his fascination. The enthusiasm of the very large audience was decidedly emphatic, and old and new songs, of which latter there are a number, were alike encored.—*Buffalo Courier.*

It was the same old Fritz, as young in voice and laugh as ever, that moved the audience at the Opera House alternately to laughter and tears last night, most of the tears, by the way, flowing in default of more laughs. The original Fritz, in which Emmet appeared here years ago, has been reconstructed and made as good as a new play, better, perhaps, than some new ones "Fritz" has appeared in. But the life and soul of the play was Emmet himself, of course, with new songs and a new voice than when seen here last season, and as tender to children and dumb brutes as his marvellous sympathy has always made him.—*Philadelphia Press.*

EMMET IN FRITZ.—The bright, merry face of Fritz, our Cousin German, appeared before the large gathering of spectators in the Boston Theatre last night, and the clever, good-hearted German lad was again carrying on his honest ways. Emmet never seems to grow old. His step is as light, his voice as gay and his face as young as ever. In Fritz he has a part fully knowing, and he is able to picture most excellently the noble man who sacrifices his own fortune that his brother may be happy with that wealth, and who even gives up without a murmur to that same brother the girl whom he loves, because he thinks she loves him. But when events bring around the happy settlement which every one desires, there is a feeling of pleasure to see "Our Fritz" still unspoiled by prosperity. One forgives the eccentricities and incongruities of the play because it gives a

chance for Fritz to show himself in many colors. He is jolly and happy; he is sorrowful and downcast; but at all times he is the friend of all and all are his friends. The songs that he sings are no small addition to the enjoyment of the auditors. Pleasing in their melody they are still more captivating by the cheery manner of their rendering, for Fritz dancing about the stage, smiling and gesturing as he warbles, will carry any song home to his listener. He was the life of the play.—*Boston Journal.*

"Fritz" at the Boston.—It is rarely that an actor receives so grand a reception as was accorded to Mr. J. K. Emmet by the great audience which filled the Boston Theatre last evening. It was evident from the first that he was among friends. In whatever he did he was sure to meet the noisy approbation of his admirers, and had he responded to the demands for repetitions of his songs, there is no telling when the entertainment would have terminated. He sings with a mellow pathos which is very effective, his dancing is graceful, and his face is the picture of honest good humor. His acting is never forced. It is quiet and unobtrusive, and yet redolent with a power that is irresistible. Mr. Emmet introduces his dog Jura into the play, and the intelligent animal, secure, as well she deserves, hearty applause. The three little tots who serve to give a domestic tone to the play, are also a taking feature.—*Boston Transcript.*

Boston, Mr. J. K. Emmet.—Judging from the large audience which was present at the Boston Theatre last evening, and the thorough and continuous applause which marked the continuation of the performance of Fritz, Mr. J. K. Emmet is likely to become as firm a favorite here as the country fairs are up in Berkshire. A more entirely pleased audience, and a larger and more enthusiastic assemblage has not been gathered in the Boston Theatre this season. Mr. Emmet produced, in the main, his old original Fritz. The first act was an addition. The other acts were in their theme the same in character and motive as of years ago, but they have been essentially bettered and made more suited to a growing taste for comic richness and consistency. The story needs no telling. In fact, it is a simple one, but it furnishes a more than ordinarily good vehicle for the delicate and graceful work of Mr. Emmet. Delicate is the word which of all others characterizes his performance. His dialect is delicate; his singing is the refinement of vocal utterance, in that he seeks to meet the heart of his auditors, and they can easily feel that he sings from the heart; his dancing is so quiet and graceful that it is like the natural action

of a peasant guided by the teachings of a master. As far as his dramatic action is concerned he always held his audience in sympathy with himself, and that is one true test of genius. The company afforded admirable support, the best of the corps being Miss Helen Ottolengui as Katrina, who was both gracious in her manner and filled out the more important scenes with an evident knowledge of their requirements; Mr. C. D. Bennett and Mr. Frank H. Dayton, who were excellent in their assignments. Miss Lizzie Winner acted a soubrette part with taste and much ease and grace. The musical efforts—if such a word can be used when everything seemed so easy and natural—of Mr. Emmet met with a constant redemand, which, if conceded to, would have continued the performance until daylight. All the songs, with one exception, were new, and were in a great measure superior in quality to anything Mr. Emmet has ever before given here. The unwonted enthusiasm and sympathy by the naturalness of the little ones who appeared, and the society with the alphabetical name ought to place "Jo" Emmet on his honorary list for the exhibit on of such a dog as "Jura." Mr. Emmet gives no Wednesday matinee, but appears each evening and on Saturday afternoon this week.—*Boston Herald.*

Fritz, the first, the original Fritz, whose laughing face, sunny disposition and love for the little ones made him so well-loved to the stage in many cities, made his first bow to a Boston audience last evening. It was Emmet, of course, who portrayed the interesting, decidedly "magnetic" personage of the world beyond the footlights. The German comedian greeted with friendliness in those offshoots of Fritz, our Cousin German, that from time to time he has presented in this city, makes a much better impression in the original "Fritz" piece that gave him such wide popularity.

The great assemblage at the Boston last evening was there to see and hear Emmet. The audience was abundantly satisfied to find the piece a first-class one, the best vehicle yet presented in this city for the display of his varied talents. All the star's songs, new and old, were heartily applauded. "Schneider, Hiss 'n' Vass," in which the tins of tots essayed to dance with Fritz, met with a reception particularly cordial. As for the Emmet pieces, children took a pleasant part in the entertainment. There was a dog, too, and a soubrette—Jura—whose selection for his master is clearly not assumed.

Mr. Emmet, himself, received with the greatest of cordiality, could hardly have asked for a truer or a larger audience. He is supported by a good company, and Fritz is staged with a good deal of care. His engagement is likely to be marked by throngs of house all the week at the Boston.—*Boston Daily Globe.*